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VOL. 1

FORT DEFIANCE, VIRGINIA, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1943

No. 11

Founders Day

Two Dances Scheduled in Observance of Founders Day

May the eighth is the birthday anniversary of one of the greatest educators of the past century, the late Col. Charles S. Roller, founder of the Augusta Military Academy. He was not only an outstanding educator himself, but the father of the two fine men who have followed closely in his footsteps, Col. Thomas J. Roller, co-principal of AMA, and our commandant, Major Charles S. Roller, Jr.

It is because we have respect and honor for our founder and the great Roller family, that every year on May the eighth we observe Founders Day. This year on that important day in the lives of the AMA cadet, we will have no holiday because of Government Inspection following so closely, but we will have a holiday on the following Saturday, as well as two dances that week-end in observance of Founders Day.

FOUNDERS DAY BALL

For the first time in many years Major Roller has consented to have two dances on Founders Day weekend. However, since Founders Day comes so close to Government Inspection the dances have been moved to May 14 and 15.

Bob Linstone and Mike Suttle have gotten a fine orchestra from Richmond for the formal, and the school orchestra will play for the informal.

Ben Smathers will lead the formal on May 14th with Nat Harrison and Leonard Wilson with Marie Allen will be Assistant Leaders.

Mike Suttle and Terry Tarechie with the rest of the decorating committee promises some beautiful and unique decorations.

Being as this is the last formal dance the Cotillion Club will give this year we would like to give you the cadets that have so ably handled the rest of this organization. Henry Ingram has handled the finance section while George Aguilera and Frank Vass have taken care of the bids.

We are sure that these dances will be a success and all who attend will have a gala time.

RECALL GOES TO PRESS

Annual Expected to appear May 30

A record was believed to have been made in this year's annual. It was the first time in the history of the school that work was completed and in the hands of the printer before May 1. It is also expected to be one of the first to be free of debt, provided all plans materialize concerning the finances. First views of the cover were shown to the editors last week and they were very favorably impressed. Company pictures taken last week turned out very well. The staff wishes to take this opportunity of thanking our Commandant, Major Roller, for his splendid cooperation, for without his help we could not have had an annual this year.

ORCHESTRA PLAYS AT

FAIRFAX HALL

In their initial performance beyond the limits of AMA the Augusta Orchestra played for the Fairfax Hall May Day Dance last Saturday evening at Waynesboro. Lt. H. D. Engram and the following cadets performed in a noble manner: Ham, Watson, Allen, K. D. Moore, Shem, Roger, Boothe and Rosenbaum. It is expected that they will fulfill other engagements now under consideration.

Re: Col. Harris

It is requested that the Cadet Corps take time out to write a short note to Col. Ray W. Harris, former PMST at AMA, who is now a patient at Walter Reed Hospital. Last reports were that he was progressing favorably. Letters from the cadet corps will greatly aid in his recovery.

Haycox Wins First at Horse Show

Last Saturday Cadets Haycox and S. West entered the Glen Moor Hunt Club Trials in Staunton. Billy Haycox came in first in the Green Riders Class. He rode Major Roller's horse "Buck". Spotty West rode on "Julep" but was disqualified when he rode around the wrong flagpost, after leading this event all the way.

The Algiers Letter

An Authentic War Account describing a meal given a number of USA Officers by a High Ranking Native Chief

Yesterday, I had an experience that will be the basis of a good many letters and very interesting to you. I and six others were invited to have dinner with a man who at present is a pasha, recently promoted from a caid. After some travel we arrived at our destination. The whole place was walled in—the outer courtyard was very plain and not pretty at all. The building, with no windows to the outside, formed an inner wall. We entered through a door to an ordinary reception hall where we left our hats and caps, then we walked into the inner courtyard which was beautiful with many kinds of flowers and a central fountain. The rest was patio effect with a covered corridor balcony and sun porches. All in a beautiful white and all covered with electrical effects. We then entered what would correspond to our parlor, about 15 x 60 ft., the walls all in colored tile, all wired with electricity and fans, heaters and chandeliers. We did not take off our shoes on entering, although the natives did. Perhaps they made a mistake on the wrong pair of feet at one time or another. The parlor, so-called, was wired with electricity. On all sides, was a broad continuous couch about 3 ft. wide with many heavy pillows as back rests. Then down through the middle were heavy pillars about 3 ft. square, two or which were about the height of a chair. There were no chairs. No war decorations. The two windows were stained glass. The floor was tile and completely covered with oriental rugs.

We sat around the long room and smoked. There were elaborate ash tray stands of some wood with the tops of brass.

There were three French couples there at the same time and the local arab high church man, making in all seventeen people for dinner. We conversed as well as we could and passed salutations and felicitations, etc. We were then asked to sit down to dinner.

(Continued on page 4)

The Bayonet

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With Government Inspection upon us nothing better could be given as an editorial than the following poem which was taken from the New York Herald Tribune:

IT CAN BE DONE!

Somebody said that it couldn't be done
But he with a chuckle replied,
That "Maybe it couldn't," but he would
be one

Who wouldn't say so 'till he tried.

So he buckled right in with a trace of
a grin

On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the
thing

That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never
do that,

At least no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and took off
his hat,

And the first thing he knew he'd
begun it.

With the lift of his chin and a bit of a
grin,

If any doubts arose he forbid it;
He started to sing as he tackled the
thing

That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it can-
not be done,

There are thousands to prophesy
failure;

There are thousands to point out to
you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.

But just buckle right in with a bit of
a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it,
Just start in to sing as you tackle the
thing
That cannot be done and you'll do it.

With Red Brooke

The Gremlins Have Descended
Upon Us: No doubt some of you
have never heard of them, but most of
you will recall the section in Life mag-
azine devoted to Gremlins a few
months ago. Gremlins are little
dwarves about three inches high, who
haunt replacement training centers and
air fields. There are many different
kinds; just how many no one knows,
because Gremlins are seldom seen.
Their job is to do all the damage to
machinery and equipment that they
can, and to learn as many new cuss
words from soldiers as they can. This
last is not very hard to do, as soldiers
invariably cuss when they find traces
of a Gremlin's work. Every time a
plane takes off on either a training or a
combat flight, at least two Gremlins
are aboard. It has been estimated that
ten Gremlins can cause a plane to
crash. Just by tinkering around with
the right gadgets at the wrong time,
or vice versa. Well, it seems that we
have about thirteen Gremlins here at
A.M.A. Nobody has actually seen one
yet, but we are positive that they are
here. It is rumored that S.M.A. sent
them over to help us along with G.I.,
so we shall accept this, it being a
fairly creditable rumor. Here's a few
examples of how the Gremlins go
about it. Fall-in for B.R.C. is about to
go in five seconds; you're all dressed
and ready to dash down to ranks ex-
cept for your shoes being tied. You're
bent feverishly over the last shoe,
viewing it vaguely through sleep-
gummed eyes. Your fingers are mov-
ing as rapidly as possible under the
circumstances, and you're making pro-
gress, when suddenly—snap! Weak
shoe lace? Ah, that's where you're
wrong; it was a Gremlin, hiding be-
hind your heel, who reached up and
cut it. And in that moment, when the
lace was cut and you hesitated in sur-
prise for a second, fall-in blew and you
were late to ranks. You could've made
made it, if it weren't for the Gremlin,
damn his little soul. Here's another
instance: You've spent at least fif-

teen minutes shining your shoes. A
liberal mixture of shoe polish and el-
bow grease has gone into the effort.
(We have names for lads who spend
so much time at this sort of thing, but
maybe it's all for the best.) Your shoes
gleam like the top of a darky's head
after a hard day's work in the cotton
fields down around Eufaula. Man,
they really give out with the glamour.
You walk down to ranks proudly,
knowing that you will receive a pleas-
ant smile and a pat on the back from
your cadet captain, even if you are in
"C" company. Fall-in blows, the
aligning rigamarole is taken care of,
the ranking officer inspects his men.
When he comes to you, you warn him
not to look at your shoes too long, as
the reflection of the sun from them
might blind him. But to your horror
and astonishment, instead of a kind
word of praise, you get only a snarl,
and the ranking officer calls to his
stooge (1st Sarge) to report you for
no shoe shine and using disrespectful
sarcasm towards C.O. Dumbfoundedly,
you gaze down upon your here-
tofore lovely works of art and find—
two long dirty streaks marring the
erstwhile dazzling surfaces of your
brogans. How could this possibly
happened? Yes, it might have been
one of my fellow cadets, you think
sadly to yourself but I'm sure that it
wasn't done on purpose. Playful
scuffling, perhaps. Brother, you're
dead wrong. You can blame it all on
the Gremlins; the whole foul deed.
They're the ones who did it. Naturally,
you didn't see 'em, but there were two
Gremlins, one clinging to each shoe,
and messing up your handiwork with
little paint brushes. It's a fact. Don't
believe me? Alright, why is it, that
when you're attending a M.G. field
stripping class, and you spend extra
time making absolutely certain that the
head spacing is correct, the gun won't
fire when you try to pull the trigger?
You could swear by the beards of the
prophets and seventeen slippery saints
that it should've, couldn't you? Bud,
take my word for it that there was a
Gremlin hiding inside that gun with a
monkey wrench, doing his dirty work.
And now you're sitting in the mess
hall. You reach for the sugar bowl,
and find unmistakable proof that mice
have been using the sugar bin for a
w.c. Don't cuss the waiters, don't
blasphemize the good name of Capt.
Fontaine, Lord Overseer of the Vita-
min (?) Department, and don't
threaten to go gunning for the inno-
cent little rodents. It wasn't their
fault, really. The Gremlins, who have
always been close allies to the Race of
Mus, put the little devils up to it. Mice

(Continued on page 4)

THIS THING CALLED GOLF

I can imagine someone saying, "Now would be a suitable time to write its obituary;" but that is a shaky assumption, and about as reliable as to postulate that a thousand angels could stand on a point of a needle. Golf is a living, throbbing world entity, if you please; and when it's spirit dies that event will mark the end of civilization. Pretty broad statement, isn't it? Just about true, though. Ever since the old game had its birth away back yonder somewhere on the Scottish heath, that first shot from the first tee from its lodgment in the heart and brain of man, and there it has stuck ever since. Furthermore, in some peculiar and inexplicable manner, that same shot gave birth to a pestiferous animalcule (which in modern parlance is called "the bug")—and which down through successive generations has haunted man both day and night. Paradoxically, a pest, a nuisance, and yet, O what a wonderful and thrilling "bug" it is! Melodramatic? I think not. If you do not believe this, I invite you, even now while motor power is scarce and Uncle Sam has taken away from the public many of those sweet and hallowed havens of rest, denoted as Country Clubs, to visit some of those spots and see it with your own eyes. Then you will exclaim: "Behold the great game of golf! It still lives!" Yes, old pal, as long as the sea bellows roll; as long as the wind sighs in the top of the pines, and the little brook murmurs its playful song this strange thing called golf will continue to have the center of attraction among the young and old, rich and poor, and provoke its never-ending chatter in the locker rooms, the drawing rooms, and the alluring broad and narrow fairways. It has long been working its way into the everyday human relations. Generations will continue to arise and go down, but, no monument will ever be erected to "Ole Man Par", for he will never die.

Does one hail such a future with thrills of delight? If one is a golfer, Yes; if a "golf widow", no.

Be that as it may, how about a "round" this afternoon? "But where?" say you. "Well, if you can't do better—in the mind's eye."

More next time.

Capt. John B. Garnett.

In the Thirds Corps Area Rifle Try for the Heart Trophy, Fork Union came in first, Staunton second, and Fishburn third. AMA took the highest individual scoring honors when Collingwood scored 188 out of a possible 200.

BASEBALL REVUE**MMA 11—AMA 9**

Lack of practice was much in evidence when AMA met Massanutten in the opening game of the season shortly after we returned from Spring Recess. Although we were ahead most of the game and were finally nosed out by MMA slingers we showed promise of having a fairly good team.

Greenbrier 7—AMA 6

Being forced to play on a grass diamond after the regulation one was washed out by heavy rains, AMA was again nosed out by GMS in a game that was played partly in a downpour. The feature of this game was Buster Moore's home run with the bases loaded which climaxed a late inning rally by the blue and white team.

Bridgewater 15—AMA 3

In this game AMA never could get started and as a result we went down to defeat by a most decisive score before an experienced team.

Woodberry Forest 8—AMA 7

In this game AMA held the lead until the last inning when Woodberry capitalized on an error and two fluke hits for two runs to shoot past our 7-6 lead to eke out a 8-7 victory.

AMA 9—Bridgewater 8

In this game AMA won their first game and avenged an earlier loss to Bridgewater by coming through with a thrilling ten inning rally for a victory. Dawson and Null collaborated on a perfect squeeze play to score the winning run. In the ninth inning a triple by Rollins with Catlett on base had tied the score. Moore pitched a beautiful game for AMA in this thriller.

Miller School 11—AMA 10

This was the third game in which AMA suffered defeat by one run. AMA was continually hampered by its own errors afield. Rollins led the hitters with three solid blows.

The lineup was as follows: Catlett (3b), Cabaniss (2b), Rollins (c), Bradley (ss), Null (lf), Moore KD (p and cf), Dawson (lb), Wishart (p and cf), and Tesserioff (rf).

AUGUSTA ENTERS**STATE TRACK MEET**

At the time that this paper was going to press the following men were entered in the twelfth annual track and field meet at the University of Virginia:

Balsey	McQuillen
Bowers	Null
Codling	Powell
Collingswood	Slagle
Cross	Small
Hamilton	Todd
Hardy	Watson
Hartman	Hevener

AUGUSTA YIELDS TO**BRIDGEWATER VARSITY**

In the track meet with Bridgewater College on April 26, 1943, at Bridgewater, Augusta displayed a fine evidence of true sportsmanship. Fighting against terrific odds, we stood up remarkably well against this far superior team. This was our first and B.C.'s fifth meet, and battling college varsity was no cinch, either. Coach, Captain P. B. Morrisey said that the boys did better than he expected and highly praised the team, especially the dash men.

The first event, the shot put, we took third in when Tabakin pushed the shot for thirty-seven yards. Bradley got third in the javelin throw and Cabaniss tied for second in the high jump. Solon tied for first in the pole vault, while Watson tied for third place. Then, Watson took third in the high hurdles with Collingswood not far behind. The hundred yard dash, the first running event, we won second place when Codling dashed over far ahead of the next man. Hamilton in a really fine race took third in the mile run, and Bradley third in the discus throw. Again Codling came through for Augusta and led the four-hundred-forty dash in fifty-seven and two-tenths seconds. For the third time in the afternoon, Watson scored for us by coming in third in the low hurdles. In the broad jump, Solan jumped to win second and Cabaniss third. Next to the last event, the eight-hundred-eighty yard dash we gained second place, when for the second time in the afternoon, Hamilton showed up third at the finish line. The last event was the two-hundred-twenty dash which was won by Catlett, and Balsey came third.

CADETS PASS V-12

Four AMA cadets have been notified that they had passed the mental exam for the V-12 Navy College Training Program. They are Cadets Donovan, Caprette, Jansing and Jones. These cadets have been instructed to report for their physical examinations.

Men who pass both the mental and physical tests are sent to college under the supervision of the Navy for approximately two years. At the end of this period they are given a commission as an Ensign in the Naval Reserve. The Army (A-12) is also offering the same opportunity leading to commission as a second Lieutenant.

Average daily listening time has increased from three to five hours on the farms since the beginning of the war.

"BACKWARD MARCH"

(Continued from page 2)

are easily persuaded, especially by Gremlins. They didn't do it on purpose; they were just having a little harmless fun. Go on and drink your coffee without sugar, and wish that you had the Gremlins on your side, so that you could have them fill in the little holes through which the little nice creep. And when a big thousand-leg (not such a terrifying insect as people think) leaps excitedly out of the cereal box and dashes across the table, don't pass up your cereal in disgust. Cereal is good for you. You need cereal. Sure, a Gremlin put the poor bug in the box, just to frighten little boys and make them refuse to eat corn flakes, or any other blankety-blank cereal. Why not show the Gremlins that no matter what they do, it doesn't bother you at all. Whenever a Gremlin plays a practical joke on you, like the two mentioned above, show utter disregard. Be nonchalant about the whole thing. That is what tears down the Gremlin's morale, fellows.

However, there is always a rift in a dark cloud where the sun is bound to break through, sooner or later. Out of these thirteen unpopular Gremlins lurking around school, there is one whom we like immensely. He is the one who clogs up our pens and breaks the pencil points, so that we can't write our homework. He is the one who glues together the pages of our books, so that we can't study. He is the one who blows the fuses, so that we don't have light, and couldn't study even if our books weren't glued. But hold on a minute! What's this?? A message has just come over on the teletype. It's from the office of Col. Roller! Must be important, so let's read . . . "Dear Red stop Have just apprehended the criminal stop Damn all Gremlins who tear down academic standards stop He shall be drowned in ink stop Back to your books!! stop (signed) Uncle Tom." Well, I guess that's that. One friendly Gremlin, and he's gone, so I sorrowfully suggest that we might as well study, seeing as how we have no one left to help us not to. And let us also work like the

devil to pass G.I., regardless of the Gremlins, who are really not important anyway. I suppose that they are overjoyed at the death of their comrade, our little pal, who was nevertheless a blot on the Gremlin escutcheon. In spite of them, this year shall be recorded in the archives of Augusta as one of the greatest of all time. This I predict. It is up to you to make this prediction stand up against the opposition, in the form of two Lt. Cols., who are detailed by the War Department to find out just what we know, and who will be around pretty soon. They like to ask questions and have you demonstrate things. Will you be prepared? So long 'till next time. Oh say, have you heard the one about the moron soldier who saluted a refrigerator? When asked to explain his strange action, he muttered, "Wull, that there man told me to saloot all these here majers and gen'rls, and this here's Gen. Electric, ain't it?"

ALGIERS LETTER

(Continued from page 1)

We grouped around two tables, each about a foot high, plain wood top. All which occupied less than one-sixth of the room. We sat on the couches and the pillows—nine at one table, eight at the other. The caid made very sure not to sit at the table with the females. In fact, if he eats at all with women, he is doing them a great honor. The priest sat at the same table as the caid. They gave a very short prayer of three words which I did not get. I forgot one of the high points. Before sitting down to dinner, two men brought in beautiful silver buckets with a perforated tray top and a soap dish in the center. The object was to wash the right hand only, groping the soap and making a slight lather. Then warm water was poured over the hand by the attendant from a gorgeous silver

kettle. The pay off then is, every one dries his hands on the same towel. Two hands may be used for this purpose. We were then invited to sit down and given a napkin. The way of eating is with the thumb and two fingers of the right hand—never the left. No knives, forks, spoons, nor plates. Everyone digs into the central dish. So you can see any justification for my using my fingers when I come home. It is the arabic way. A joke—soldiers are now called G.I.Arabs. Not so bad. I laughed when I first heard it. Perhaps there is something behind the remark. I hope not. To get on with that dinner. Perhaps your mouth is watering.

There were eight courses. We are at the first. It consisted of a whole barbecued sheep—I mean two sheep, one for each table. It was brought in on a large silver tray—a huge thing. On the top was a knife which the caid took up and slashed over, back and across. I really mean slashed, too. The knife was taken away and everyone dug in with the right hand, tearing and grabbing a piece of meat and eating it. On the edge of the platter at regular intervals was a light brown substance which was salty but not salt, but used as such. You dig into the meat as often as you wished and smacking your lips and a sharp intake of air was an indication that you enjoyed the food immensely. Then the caid dug inside the carcass and came out with the kidneys which were a delicacy and were divided as such.

The book said we were not to fill up on any one course because other dishes were coming.

(Continued in next issue)

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